

Graduate



C.W. Jefferys:
What was
Canada's best
historical
illustrator
doing at U of T?

Graduate

THIS ISSUE

WITH PEN IN HAND

by Robert Siaccey
C.W. Jefferys, Canada's best historical illustrator, left school at 16, but his drawings of the University were produced with the amused devotion of an alumnus

ITALIESE

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ONCE UPON A TIME

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THANKS FOR YOUR HELP

Our thanks to the several dozen readers who responded to the request for comments on the last issue of the *Graduate*. What do you think of this one? Please indicate whether you read and enjoyed:

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|----|
| 1. WITH PEN IN HAND | YES | NO |
| 2. SPEAKING ITALIESE | YES | NO |
| 3. ONCE UPON A TIME | YES | NO |
| 4. THE COLLEGE THAT STANDS... | YES | NO |

Send your comments to: Editor, *Graduate*,
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Again many thanks for your help.

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Letters to the Editor

An ass of herself?

How dare you let my favourite authoress make a total ass of herself by printing "Portrait of the artist" in the *Graduate*, Vol. V, No. 1.

In response to your request for response, I found "Georgina's Playground" pleasing, "Let's talk sense" too dull to read completely, and "Two Bucks and a Kick" started well but degenerated into a techie list of reminiscences — I couldn't read it all.

Derek Paul
Department of Physics

Pickling in the library

I particularly enjoyed "Georgina's Playground" (*Graduate*, Vol. V, No. 1) because:

(1) When I first came to work in the University library in 1941, Georgina was still living in the library apartment. Her father was a real friend to all the library staff and at pickling time delicious odours from Mrs. Patterson's kitchen would be wafted into the circulation department.

(2) When I lived on campus, at Wycliffe College from 1951 to 1955, my own small daughter also used the campus as a playground, climbing on the cannon on "Cannon Hill", hugging "Mr. Boots" as we named the gargoyles on the east stairway in University College, sliding down the hill, before Sig Sam Library was built.

The whole article brought back very happy and nostalgic memories of the campus before the revolution of the 60's. Thank you for printing it.

I can still be found in the Roberts Library, but it isn't quite the same thing!

Mary Barnett 379

A cheap off-hand shot

I just read Professor Cameron's article, "Let's Talk Sense", in the fall issue of the *Graduate*. I found it insightful while he kept to the subject of the idea of a university, but object to one sentence in which he compares what he calls para-sensical talk about education with "religious discourse of the kind that speaks of astral bodies, etheric vibrations, consciousness-raising, and uses such discourse to persuade us that conversation is good for our planets and that we do everything better under pyramidal structures".

This is a cheap, off-hand shot. The things he mentions may or may not be nonsense, but they are not para-sense: they are all reasonably well-defined terms, whether or not the phenomena they describe actually exist. It may be that such notions as consciousness-raising are bandied about with too much freedom and too little thought, but that does not make the words themselves para-sensical by Professor Cameron's definition.

Ben Locker, M.A. 776
Fort Smith, Arkansas

I knew them well

In response to your cry, "Help", in *Graduate* Vol. V, No. 1, which I have been reading with considerable interest, I'm glad to comment on two articles which caught me off guard, nostalgically.

I was particularly pleased to be reminded by Robert Gardner of "Georgina", for I can recall her as an attractive little girl of 3 or 4 years of age. Well do I remember the caretaker, Mr. Fussell, and his son-in-law Mr. Patterson, making library rounds in the evening and accompanied on rare

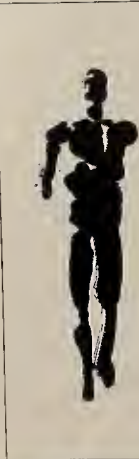
occasions by Georgina; but since leaving the campus in 1926 I had not seen or heard of her or her father or grandfather, until today.

It so happened that in the early 20's, Dr. W.S. Wallace decided to keep the library open till 10 p.m. instead of closing it at 6 o'clock. He recruited his evening staff from arts graduates who were completing courses in theology and living conveniently close by at Wycliffe College.

As one after another left the University, the current senior man would recommend to

Dr. Wallace some other *denizen* of Wycliffe as a replacement. I lived at Wycliffe, and thus it was that when I graduated from U.C. in 1923, I was given the opportunity of joining the evening staff at the library. I was a "med" and still had three years to go before writing my M.B. exams, and was enthused at the chance of earning \$2.50 for only four hours of work at so pleasant a job. Thus it was that I came to know Mr. Fussell, Mr. Patterson and Georgina.

Continued on page 13



The Celtic Connection

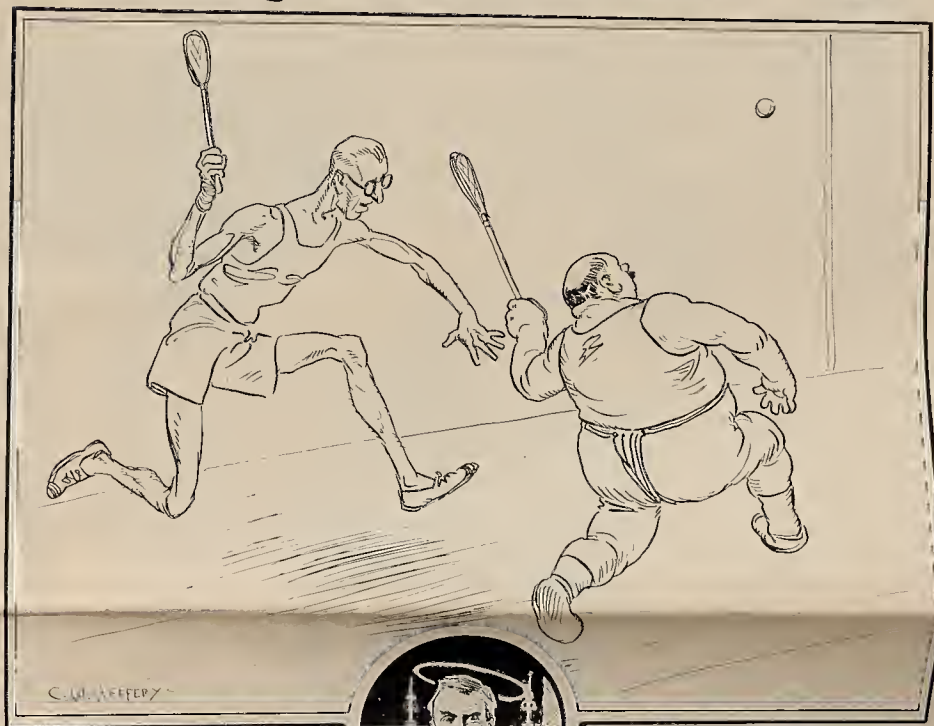
A SPECIAL SEVEN-DAY SYMPOSIUM WITH FORTY CELTIC SCHOLARS AND INTERNATIONAL PERSONALITIES FROM IRELAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. AMONG THEM MICHAEL YEATS, GARECH DE BRUN, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, JAN FLIP, HUGH MACDIARMID, HARRY BOYLE, HUGH MACLENNAN, MARSHALL MCULHIN, MAX FERGUSON, JOHN MCCOLEEN AND BARRY FELL. AND CELTIC MUSIC, PROSE, POETRY, ENTERTAINMENTS, BANQUETS, EXHIBITIONS OF CELTIC GOLD, ARTIFACTS AND ILLUMINATED BOOKS AT R.O.M. PLUS A TWO-WEEK ENGAGEMENT AT THE PLAYHOUSE THEATRE OF THE CELTIC HERO: THE CUCHULAIN PLAYS OF W.B. YEATS

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With pen in hand

by Robert Stacey



C.W. Jefferys drew the University from life

A number of important Canadian artists have been associated, directly or indirectly, with U of T in the 150 years of its existence. Few, however, have been so intimately involved with the institution on a professional basis as the historical illustrator and landscape painter Charles William Jefferys (1869-1951), who, as a part-time member of the faculty, gave instruction in watercolour and freehand drawing at the School of Architecture from 1912 to 1939. Together with Professor Eric Arthur, Jefferys was also responsible for fostering the cause of architectural conservancy at the University. And his lovingly rendered paintings, lithographs, and pen-and-ink drawings of U of T buildings and people together convey a sense of the University as it used to be, both before and during his own happy association with it.

Exactly when C.W. Jefferys became a part of the U of T community is hard now to determine. However, as early as 1904 he was working as an illustrator for *Torontonensis*, providing headings, vignettes, and cartoons to decorate the various departments of the yearbook. His caricatures of University types were evidently based on actual staff members and students, his aptitude for this kind of gentle lampoonery having been developed to advantage during two years as art editor and chief editorial cartoonist for the abortive, nationalistic comic weekly *The Moon*. Among the other draughtsmen represented in the 1904 *Torontonensis* were the famous J.W. Bengough, and Fergus Kyle, a *Globe* illustrator whose caricatures of faculty members still decorate the stained-glass windows of the upper dining room, the Gallery Club, in Hart House.

Jefferys was also a member of the English Speaking Union at Victoria College. In April 1919, he addressed that body on the topic of "Landscape in Fiction" with such persuasion that 14 years later Professor Pelham Edgar, head of Vic's

Department of English, quoted the speech extensively in his *The Art of the Novel*. It was through the union that Jefferys had met Professor Barker Fairley around 1915, shortly after Fairley's arrival in Canada. Fairley, one of the first and most eloquent promoters of the national art movement that became known as the Group of Seven, then knew nothing of Canadian art circles. He relates that Jefferys informed him of the existence of a society of men interested in literature, architecture, music, painting, and sculpture — the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, of which Jefferys had been a founding member. Fairley immediately joined the club and soon became acquainted with the artists who were later to form the group.

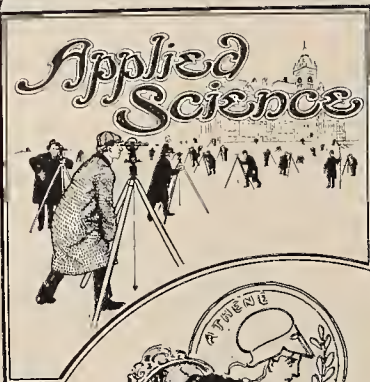
Jefferys himself belonged to a somewhat older generation of artists, who tended to look with a degree of justified scepticism on the Group of Seven's claims to having "discovered" the Canadian landscape, and who frowned upon the group's penchant for self-publicity. In 1911, he had helped to establish the critical reputation of his great friend J.E.H. Mac Donald with a review of his first one-man show, mounted at the Arts and Letters Club, but when Jefferys was invited to join the group as a senior artist in their inaugural exhibition in May 1920, he declined. A Jefferys cartoon from that period, entitled "Nature Seen Through the Medium of Personality", depicts an artist standing before his easel and measuring with his brush a northern Canadian landscape over which his enormous shadow is cast, his magnified arm erect in a salute to the cult of self-expression.

That cartoon was the last of a series of rather heavy-handed pen-and-ink "Satirionographs", as Jefferys called them, that appeared in a U of T staff and student periodical *The Rebel* during the winter of 1919-20. The magazine, which had begun its life in 1916 as a crudely typed and mimeographed "seditious publication" produced by women students, soon

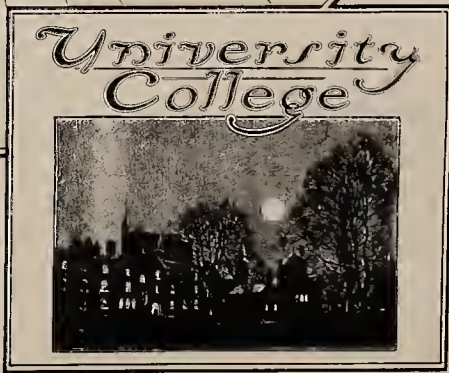
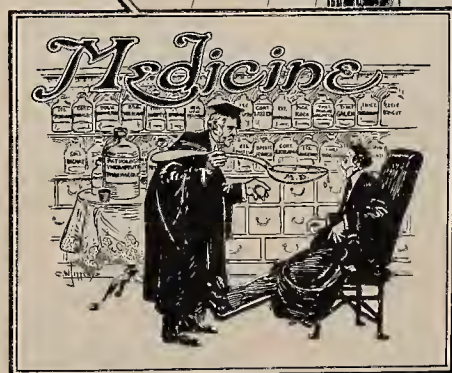
Robert Stacey, U.C. 772, is C.W. Jefferys' grandson and is at work on a major biographical-critical study of the artist. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of paintings, drawings, manuscripts, correspondence, etc., by Jefferys is asked to contact Mr. Stacey c/o the Graduate. Thanks are due the librarians of the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library and the University of Toronto Archives for their help and advice in researching this article.



THE UNIVERSITY AS JEFFERYS SAW IT



The drawings on this page all appeared in the 1904 or 1905 numbers of *Tarantoneensis*. On page 3 a pair of professors play squash at Hart House above a detail from a portrait of registrar James B. Brebner that might also have served as a Jefferys self-portrait.



"On entering his lecture room the professor found this stuffed monkey sitting in his chair. He looked first at the monkey and then at the class. Then he made a low bow to his prospective audience and said, 'Ah, gentlemen, I see that you have a professor suited to your capacity. I wish you a very good morning.'"

Continued from page 3

was superseded by a more polished and professionally typeset journal, edited by Barker Fairley. It attracted contributions from the likes of Arthur Lismer, A.Y. Jackson (who signed himself "Alax"), and J.E.H. MacDonald, the most eloquent member of the Group of Seven. Its first illustration was a reproduction, published in the November 1917 issue, of MacDonald's memorial tablet to Tom Thomson, who had drowned in Canoe Lake on July 8 of that year. Its first cartoon was Jefferys' caricature of Dr. James B. Brebner, the University registrar and former librarian, which accompanied a Chaucerian verse portrait of Brebner by Fairley. In 1920, *The Rebel* was transformed yet again, into a national publication, *The Canadian Forum*.

When an advertisement appeared in *The Varsity* in January 1917, calling together "those having a taste for drawing, painting, or etching, or for Art in general", Hart House had just been completed. The Hart House Sketch Club, which eventually became what is now the Art Committee, grew out of *The Rebel*'s cell of Canadian art enthusiasts and Jefferys was among the artists, along with Arthur Lismer and F.H. Varley, who gave informal classes in elementary drawing and painting to club members. By the winter of 1922, another function of the club had become the acquisition of significant examples of indigenous art — especially by the Group of Seven — and Jefferys, in company with such other advisers as Dr. James MacCallum, Lauren Harris, Professor Hardolph Wasieny, and A.Y. Jackson, helped to start the immensely valuable Hart House collection, some of whose paintings are now touring the province as part of a Sesqui-centennial exhibition.

At the same time as he was sending satirical drawings to *The Rebel*, Jefferys was executing views of the U of T Campus that were in a completely different vein. In 1917, with World War I in full swing, he had been approached by the National Gallery of Canada to participate in the Canadian War Memorials (the brain child of Sir Max Aiken) as a home-based artist. After covering the activities of the Siberian Army in exile, at Camp Petawawa on the Ottawa River, and the Polish Army in exile, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, he was commissioned in July 1918 to sketch the classes being conducted at U of T by the Canadian Officers Training Corps and the School of Aeronautics of the Royal Air Force. The young officer-trainees were billeted at U of T, drilled on its front campus, and attended open-air lectures on the lawn of Victoria College. The results of Jefferys' labours make clear that he found the varied architecture of the University more interesting than he did his regimented human subjects.

The University of Toronto Monthly, a forerunner of the *Graduate* in some respects, was published from 1900 through 1947 by the Alumni Federation. After the war though Jefferys became more and more preoccupied with more serious projects, he occasionally returned to comic illustration, a genre for which the *Monthly* offered a somewhat unlikely outlet. In the May 1921 issue, for instance, he illustrated an anecdote related by Professor W.H. Van Der Smitten, concerning the Reverend James Beaven, D.D., a graduate of Oxford and professor of mental and moral philosophy at University College. Beaven was a very solemn and old-fashioned soul who frequently rebuked his unruly students for their bad manners. It happened that a stuffed monkey in the old Natural History Museum "wore a countenance of similar solemnity" to Beaven's and always reminded undergraduates of the professor. One student made a key, abstracted the monkey from its glass case, smuggled it into U.C., and placed it on the professor's chair. "On entering his lecture room the professor found this stuffed monkey sitting in his chair. He looked



The University lawn about 1870

first at the monkey and then at the class. Then he made a low bow to his prospective audience and said, 'Ah, gentlemen, I see that you have a professor suited to your capacity. I wish you a very good morning.' Some members of the class, afraid to look at the professor, looked at the monkey, and declared that they had seen him wink. Those who had the courage to look at the professor assert that he winked. It is difficult to say which wink would have been the greater miracle."

In 1912, Jefferys had been hired by the School of Architecture to provide practical art instruction, and for the next 27 years, on a part-time basis, he taught freehand drawing and water-colour, along with what amounted to a crash course in art appreciation, western art history, and the human and physical contexts of architecture, to U of T undergraduates, many of whom were subsequently to number among Canada's most prominent architects, engineers, and (as it happened) dentists. Former students of Jefferys still recall his characteristic cowl, shaggy mustache and eyebrows, and intense gaze, not to mention the ubiquitous cigarette smouldering down to a catkin in a flash, which became the focus of many a class's rapt attention toward the end of a Jefferys lecture as, hypnotized, they waited with bated breath for its collapse into his tobacco-flaked, burn-holed waistcoat. Two students of the time, Edward Carswell and John Rempel, both insist that the artist's influence was as much a product of his gruff but sympathetic personality as it was of any skill or attitude that he could instill in his pupils.

Never able to attend college or university himself, Jefferys was forced by economic necessity to leave school at 16. Yet he was extremely literate and, like many self-taught individuals, he respected learning in a way that may seem naive in an era that likes to disparage academic scholarship. He was accepted as a colleague by the professoriate and was publicly lauded by such distinguished faculty members as George Brown, C.T. Curry, Frederick Banting, and Canon H.J. Cody. In 1944, Harold Innis, the University's great political economist and communications theorist, indicated in a gracious letter to the artist that he could not conceive "of occupying a place in the history of this country" such as Jefferys would always occupy.

Demonstrably, C.W. Jefferys occupies an important place in the University's history, too.

The Celtic Connection



A symposium described by the *Irish Times* of Dublin as "the most ambitious gathering of Celtic and Irish scholars and personalities ever to be held in North America" will take place at U of T, February 5-12.

Irish senator Conor Cruise O'Brien, Canadian humorist Max Ferguson, creator of Mary Poppins P.L. Travers, and Senator Michael Yeats, vice-president of the European Common Market parliament, will be among the participants.

The symposium, whose general title is "Canada and the Celtic Consciousness," is the first major undertaking of the recently formed Celtic Arts Association, says artistic director Robert O'Driscoll, and is being jointly presented by the Canadian Association for Irish Studies as a retrospective celebration of both the Sesqui-centennial of U of T and the 125th anniversary of the founding of St. Michael's College.

"The proceedings will be enlivened by performances of peptic drama, music, entertainment, and the fine art of declamation," promises O'Driscoll, himself a St. Michael's College professor.

One of the highlights will be the premier performance of "The Celtic Hero: The Cuculian Plays of W.B. Yeats," a production that will combine the dramatic, choreographic, and musical traditions of east and west. Using the Japanese Noh play as a model, as did the poet, the production will be designed by sculptor Sorel Etrog and will feature the musical contributions of Irish harpist Grainne Yeats and Canadian flautist Robert Arken.

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SPEAKING ITALIESE



K. I wanta amma sanguaggio — Iotsa moustarda — e frenchi frai tutti con checiappa e una Coca Cola. You ari-appa, eh?"

Almost anywhere across Canada, and especially in Toronto with its large Italian population, you might

hear a newcomer from Italy ordering his lönzio in a language that's definitely not English, but certainly not Italian either. It is *Italiése*, a brand-new hybrid tongue somewhere between *Italiano* and *Inglese*.

One of the first to undertake research on the phenomenon is Professor Gianrenzo Clivio of U of T's Department of Italian Studies, and though his colleagues joke that he spends most of his time hanging around pool halls, beer parlours, and local *ristoranti*, Clivio protests that when he visits such emporia it's because that's where the new language is at its slangiest, raciest best.



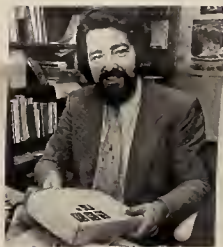
It isn't surprising that Italo-Canadians no longer speak pure Italian, says Clivio, for languages are virtually impossible to import. Even under the best conditions, words slip and slide, but when one language collides head on with another there is no way to avoid a mishmash, or what linguists call interference.

In the end, a new step-mother tongue takes over.

Italiése, the name Clivio has bestowed on the hybrid, is basically English vocabulary grafted onto Italian grammar. Vocabulary transfers easily, in the same way and at the same inflationary rate that a language adopts new words. Meanings, too, may be exchanged freely: as for example, the Italian word *libreria*, which means bookstore in Italy, but library in Canada.

Other language patterns, though, resist change, so that in *Italiése* both phonetics and grammar are transferred almost intact from the Italian. The phonetic system is learned in early childhood, and a baby who can and does make any conceivable noise, by adulthood will have totally forgotten how to make all but the sounds used in his own language — hence

Prof. Gianrenzo Clivio is investigating a brand-new hybrid tongue



the betraying "accent" when he acquires a second language. Grammar, too, is so deeply ingrained that it's almost a way of thinking.



Clivio explains that social factors are especially significant in shaping language change. After all, a new lifestyle creates the need for new words. Luigi, formerly an Italian farmer but now a Canadian construction worker, has to improvise the term *tu ba fon*

because in Italy he rarely discussed lumber, at any rate not in inches. His new trade also necessitates the invention of such neologisms as *buldozo*, *bricchi*, and the inevitable *unione*, just as the shift from village to city ways brings a need for words like *billo* and *morgheggio*, and familiarity with those distinctive Canadian institutions such as the *Canada Pension*.

Italiése thrives on slippery nuances and tailors itself to suit various social contexts and stratagems. This and the fact that it is changing so rapidly makes systematic study difficult, yet last year Prof. Clivio offered an undergraduate research course to examine various socio-linguistic phenomena in the Italian community. His students, equipped with specially prepared picture books, visited elementary schools and homes in Metro Toronto's Italian areas to elicit the vocabulary immigrant children used most readily, and to find who spoke what to whom, and when.



An important application of *Italiése* studies is in the area of language instruction. For instance, it has been necessary for members of the Italian department to study *Italiése* in order to help the many second generation Italo-Canadians now enrolling at

U of T to unlearn their home language, the better to acquire standard Italian.

But never fear, beyond the confines of the University, *Italiése*, that marvelously protean, collective invention, is sure to continue to thrive.

English	Standard Italian	Italiése
hurry up!	<i>abrigati!</i>	<i>erriapal!</i>
back yard	<i>giardino dietro la casa</i>	<i>bacchi-iarda</i>
dining room	<i>sala da pranzo</i>	<i>dainirummo</i>
coffee table	<i>tavolino</i>	<i>colifébi!</i>
bookshelf	<i>libreria, scaffale</i>	<i>bucchiscéti</i>
washing machine	<i>lavatrice</i>	<i>guisci-mascina</i>
waste basket	<i>cestino delle immondizie</i>	<i>gárbici</i>
report card	<i>pagella</i>	<i>riportacarta</i>
kindergarten	<i>asilo</i>	<i>chindergrárde</i>
jam	<i>marmellata</i>	<i>giamma</i>
orange juice	<i>succo d'arancia</i>	<i>arangiúsa</i>
cooked ham	<i>prosciutto cotto</i>	<i>co-cómma</i>
grapefruit	<i>pompelma</i>	<i>pappacornáro</i>
popcorn vendor	<i>venditore di mais soffiato</i>	<i>scioppabéga</i>
shopping bag	<i>sacchetto per le compere</i>	<i>bluginsi</i>
blue jeans	<i>blue jeans</i>	<i>stritticára</i>
streetcar	<i>tram</i>	<i>bacappare</i>
to back up	<i>fare retromarcia</i>	<i>plómora</i>
plumber	<i>idraulico</i>	<i>filibára</i>
wheelbarrow	<i>carrozza</i>	<i>incomitécchisi</i>
income tax	<i>imposte sul reddito</i>	<i>gali</i>
goalie	<i>portiere</i>	<i>schlizi</i>
skates	<i>pattini</i>	<i>sitòlla</i>
city hall	<i>municipio</i>	<i>gióca</i>
joke	<i>scherza</i>	

Once upon a time...

A few professors, mostly emeriti, look backward

Once upon a time, I was a lecturer to a lot of young men, and possibly a woman or two, at the School of Architecture. These students have become a band of grey-haired professionals of prominence who seem to think I still know who they are.

I had an office then, a large office, unlike those in the modern buildings on the campus built by geniuses whom we graduated. It was in the old School of Practical Science, a brick building with wooden floors and wooden stairs and windows which were designed actually to open, and regarded by everybody with contempt, because it was slightly "collegiate Gothic" and looked like a university building and wasted space on lecturers' offices.

In my office was a chair, upholstered in leather, almost impossible to move because it was so large and heavy. The springs in this chair had long since gone and when anyone sat in it, it took a lot of getting out of because in effect they sat on the floor. It was a heritage chair. Timothy Eaton had sat in it and owned it. It had come to the SPS from a descendant who had been my predecessor — I say this to show the high class of lecturers we had in those days. It was possibly the only upholstered chair in SPS, anyway it was the only large soft warm chair in the school.

Now in those days, we really went to for education. We hoped to turn out Renaissance men. We taught them to draw, for instance, and to letter, and we had a sweet elderly lady who taught them conversational French. She used large glass slides of chateaux and things, for travel-ogues. I inherited these. I taught my lot about Queen Hatshepsut's temple and Lombard Romanesque and so forth — very useful information. It was satisfactory instruction to some because they all sat in the dark and could go to sleep. When I noticed one dozing off I made a sign to the projector operator who inserted a slide of a nude. She was always greeted with clapping. This woke up the sleeper so I could dream on.

And she gets me back to the chair and to the value of education. Along the hall from my office, in a big room, Professor Edward Carswell held these young men spellbound in the presence of a completely naked female for two hours on Thursday mornings. Our budding Renaissance man did not only to learn to draw and speak conversational French and recognize Donatello from Loric, he should learn to know, in a decent milieu, about females.

I have never held it against Carswell but the big room at the end of north and east was very chilly. My office had a large, immense, chatty steam radiator and I could make it insufferably hot. His females got cold, all naked there in his room, and during their 15 minute break they took to coming to see me, clad in wrap around fannies, and sat in my, or rather old Timothy's, chair. I always gallantly helped them up. I won't admit to actual orgies, but in that 15 minutes we often did a very forbidden thing in the old SPS — we smoked.

Pleasures, architecture, sex, and education were simpler in those days.

Anthony Adamson, Architecture

In the Twenties the Botany and, for a few years, Forestry Departments were located in an old house and stable on the east side of Queen's Park. The rooms were small, crammed with people and essential miscellanea, in the warm loose and drafty, and the heating system intermittent.

In my early postgraduate days I shared a small room on the second floor. Access was gained by climbing a bouncy, exterior steel staircase. Once, during a severe electrical storm, a tremendous clatter raised hopes of immediate demolition, but the damage was merely the fracturing of a tree outside my window.

My fondest recollection is of the patient guidance provided by the staff members who laboured under seemingly insurmountable difficulties. Doubtless there are many currently in makeshift quarters who would agree that some aspects of University life haven't changed much over the years.

Marvin W. Bannan, Botany

In 1927, two years after the formation of the University of Canada, the Faculty of Theology of Victoria College and the members of Knox College who entered the United Church were invited to form the body that was given the name Emmanuel College. An old house on the Vic campus was set aside as a theological residence. "West House", however, was soon to be torn down, for it stood on the site chosen for a new academic building. No plans had been made for an official turning of the first sod and this was not good enough for the students of West House — they would do it themselves.

On the night of Friday, January 10, 1930, shortly before construction began, Professor Richard Davidson and I were invited to a bun feed and singsong at the old house. At midnight we all went to the space between West House and the Vic Library where a steam shovel stood on the snowy ground, gnat and eerie in the moonlight. In its shadow, we sang "The Old Hundredth". Then we two members of the staff thrust a spade into the frosty ground, and, with the enthusiastic help of the whole company, turned the first sod.

Kenneth Cousland, Emmanuel College

When one figure is an enlarged copy of another, the two are said to be similar. It has long been known that two such figures have a unique centre of similarity: a point that corresponds to itself. For instance, if two maps of the same country are thrown at random on a board, there is just one way to stick a pin through them so that the hole will represent the same place in both maps (even if one of the maps was turned over). Until about 10 years ago, the only known construction for the centre of similarity (of given figures of different sizes, not "similarly situated") was a complicated one involving circles. One day I gave my second-year students the problem of locating the centre of similarity for two squares. Most of the students reproduced the classical construction, but one wrote something that seemed at first to be quite ridiculous. After discarding a mass of irrelevantities I came to the core, which amounted to joining certain pairs of points (where corresponding sides meet) and obtaining the desired centre as the point of intersection of two straight lines.

This elegant solution for the problem turned out to be new; in all the 2,200 years that such ideas had been discussed, this trick had never been thought of before. However, the story has no happy ending: the lucky student did poorly in the final examination and failed his year.

H.S.M. Coxeter, Mathematics

Early in the Twenties my class in comparative anatomy took a day off when they finished dissecting the rabbit. Two years later my wife and I were invited to go along. This soon became a class tradition and it was repeated every year for roughly a quarter of a century.

In the early years we attended a matinee at the Royal Alexandra (where De Wolfe Hopper in the *Mikado* added the students to "Tvegot him on the list"). The supper was presided over by a rabbit skeleton, and on one occasion a live rabbit was brought to run about the restaurant table. Finally the evening was spent either at the home of one of the students or at mine.

One of the pleasantest things that happens in my old age is occasionally meeting somebody who recalls having been a student participant in a "bunny party".

E. Horne Craigie, Biology/Zoology



It is the earliest memories which remain the sharpest. My first lecture, for example, during which a piece of mortar fell through the skylight and landed at my feet. But the incident that I wish to recall occurred during my first term at Trinity soon after I had arrived in Canada from Ireland. I had been asked to give a lecture on Seneca to the assembled first-year students of all colleges in the old honours course in English. Classical scholars are given few opportunities for mob oratory, so I prepared with particular care, arranging to start about five minutes before the end of the hour to deal with the questions that so splendid a performance would be certain to stimulate. But when the question period arrived, there was an embarrassing silence. And then a girl from the back of the room raised her hand and asked, "Please sir, where do you come from?"

A. Dalzell, Classics, Trinity

Over a four-decade teaching career, the most noteworthy experience must surely have come from the postwar bulge at Ajax (1946-49) — arduous, but satisfying academically, and enhanced by personal relationships with a host of special people.

Ajax instructors had to be numerous and temporary, and the organization and co-ordination of course material usually fell to us junior professors; this was in addition

to our full Toronto loading (which didn't seem to dismay us). At one stage I reached 29 contact hours per week, the preparation and travel time, of course, being extra. Usually we travelled in a standard bus, sometimes in a more capacious semi-trailer van (known as the "Green Hornet"), or for small loads, in the "Blue Goose", a limousine extended by an added centre section (intentional), accompanied by an unforgettable vibration response at highway speeds (unintentional).

Because Ajax had been a shell filling plant, the conversion operation produced classrooms which were small (good for teaching) and widely separated (good for hiking). Most courses required a dozen or more parallel lecture offerings (which had to be kept in synchronism), and the students soon learned about preferred times and locations — and instructors. In my first session at Ajax, I had five "identical" morning lectures (three on Mondays and two on Tuesdays), in "Mum and Thurt" (the freshmen's elegant abbreviation for "Mechanical and Thermal Measurements"). For the pre-noon lecture, which was frequently overpopulated, I had to decree that "visitors" had prior claim only to standing room (which included the open-air porch).

Remembering the superb response of all concerned in this remarkable postwar University enterprise, I count myself privileged to have been in the thick of it.

L.E. Jones, Mechanical Engineering

An interesting group of students descended upon the University in 1957. They were the entire student body from the Mining and Geology Faculties of the University of Sopron, who fled from Hungary ahead of the Russian occupation following the short-lived revolution. It was a tragic and courageous group of refugees. There were students from four different years who had been taking a variety of subjects... some were accompanied by wives and children... many had little knowledge of English.

The University was presented with a multitude of problems, the most pressing of which was that of food and shelter. Then followed the unscrambling of courses and curricula, and arranging integration into our courses when sufficient English had been mastered. The almost impossible was accomplished, and this spring I received an invitation to a gala reunion of those Hungarian students at Hart House.

G.B. Langford, Geology

What impressed me about Toronto was chiefly a simplicity and fineness of affairs, which seemed to centre in offices, a registrar's or a professor's. Mr. Frye administered Victoria (as did Dr. Moore) from a chair and a book. Offices, and the office idea, have not declined. Indeed, they flourish, these catacombs of humanities.

A best office memory is Mr. Pratt's office in later afternoon — his Morris chair, his pencilled notebook, his swivel, his silence and fatigue. This to me has always been Toronto English, and as much John Robins' first words to every caller in his office, "Sit ye down". Rooms, like Henry Adams' "little room" at Mount St. Michel, which try to put it together...

The campus seemed lovely to them, as now, with its Yule fences, its charming

playing fields, it seems. Many will remember the beautifully groomed horses of Clydesdale size that pulled the rollers on the front campus. A student recently remarked that the city had now so little of the garden beauty of the campus. And now R.O.M. seems to be on the point of losing its handsome courtyard garden.

Kenneth MacLean, English, Victoria

For my first three years on the staff I lectured in physics to the first year pre-medical class. There was such a class in those days rather than a thousand students in the Faculty of Arts and Science, all of whom hope to enter the Medical Faculty.)

The pre-medical class in my second year wrote a paragraph about each of their professors in the medical faculty's undergraduate magazine. They were not unduly unkind to a beginning lecturer. The only thing they said about me that I remember was:

"Professor McKay tends to demonstrate Ampere's Right Hand Rule with his left hand. I can only recall doing so once."

The incident taught me that a professor's mistakes, if obvious enough, are the only thing that one can expect a whole class to remember.

R.W. McKay, Physics

During the earlier years of my time on the staff at the University, the Faculty Union in Hart House was the centre for many important activities. The billiard room was frequented by some of the more colourful characters and was the site of hotly contested games and philosophical discussions.

One of my more memorable recollections of the enjoyable sessions with that group has to do with the behaviour of C.B. Sissons, professor of ancient history in Victoria College, one of the regulars at the table and a great fellow. Any pool player knows that it is more difficult to shoot when the cue ball has come to rest against the rail, or cushion, and Sissons had the bad luck, or so he imagined, to be left with his cue ball on the rail more frequently than the other players. Naturally he would complain and, because it happened so often, it seemed that he was always complaining about the awkward position of the cue ball when it was his turn to shoot. And, every time he would use the same expression: "Well, here I am on the cushion again!"

And so, a word was added to the vocabulary of the billiard room habitués. Being left with your cue ball on the cushion got to be known as being "sissosized."

Carson Morrison, Civil Engineering

Life for me at the University began in 1950. At that time there were few signs of the political involvement and turbulence that were to become so characteristic of the late sixties. The action seemed to concentrate on faculty and college rivalry, particularly between Victoria College and the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering.

In those days Vic's period of initiation finished with the Bob Apple Battle. It was a sort of organized mayhem where sophomores defended a greased pole set up on the playing field with a football helmet on top. The freshmen would storm the pole, attempting to get one of their number to the top for the helmet. Ammunition for both sides consisted of inedible eggs, rotten tomatoes and bags of flour.

One October the engineers decided to raid the event. It was just about to start when the Schoolmen arrived several hundred strong. Vic fresh and soph joined forces in an instant and the battle was on.

A woman in a nearby house phoned for the police and a solitary constable came in

response to her call. He stood with her for some moments on the edge of the field watching the ebb and flow of humanity and dodging the occasional unsavory bit of ammunition. Then he turned to the woman and said: "I'm sorry, but I can't do a thing. All I know is I'm glad I ain't educated."

Perhaps those words were an epitaph on that sort of campus activity.

A.B.B. Moore, Victoria

Professor Alex MacLean was appointed to the staff of geology in 1910 and retired in 1954. When I met him in the Forties, he was a striking figure. He was somewhat portly and wore his hair down to his collar when short hair was in vogue. He used pince-nez glasses and carried a cane which he would jam against the starter button in the elevator to avoid holding his finger on it for the long ride up to the third floor of the Mining Building.

Alex was a kindly, gentle person — a bachelor who lived at the Waverley Hotel on College and Spadina in the time I knew him. Whether you were student or professor, or you were certain of the same friendly, even affectionate reception from him. I wonder how many people renewed themselves in his office with a chat and a cup of tea he brewed and presented with the distinctive MacLean flourish. It was his practice to take a graduate student into his office just prior to the Ph.D. oral, give him a cup of tea to settle him down, and a book "to fumble", as he called it, during the examination.

E.W. Nuffield, Geology

My 25 years as head of metallurgy have left a host of personal memories of the students who passed by — many are now occupying responsible places in engineering, but are to be remembered by their performances in quite different lines.

Graduates of the early 50's will recall Bert Bethune; his sparkling performances at "Skule Nite" are not to be forgotten. At a smoker Bert's delivery of "The Hermit of Shark's Tooth Shoal", or even better the story of Liu Jui will remember that she was the best "our town produced" I could quell the general din and bring the house down in the end. His professional career took him to Boeing Aircraft but was cut short by his unending last year.

He was perhaps the most delightful person of my acquaintance — a bumper toast to his memory.

L.M. Pidgeon, Metallurgy



My position at Victoria University was threefold when I came from Switzerland at most 50 years ago. I was the don of the first French class the University ever had, a student and a teacher in the French Department. It created a funny situation, being neither fish nor fowl.

My first duty was to chaperone a hike at Hogg's Hollow. I did not really know what I was supposed to do and my limited English was a handicap. But the students were very kind and explained that no other year was to crash the party. For supper they offered

me a hot dog which I duly refused — Canadians seemed to me great barbarians, willing to eat dogs's meat. When they explained what it was and I ate one of those sausages bathed in mustard, it was not exactly for my taste!

Because I was French, they sang for me "Alouette", pluming the poor bird of the queerest things. Impossible to join them for I had never heard of the song before, though it became popular in Europe many years later.

In an essay, a kind student wrote: "Quelle note professeur sol moyennaiseuse, elle compendia jeunesse. 'It is not wonderful to belong to the Middle Ages and to understand modern youth?'"

Laure Riise, Victoria

It is 10 o'clock on a February morning in 1937 as I wait in my Hart House guest room, all set for the 11 o'clock second year pass French class I am to teach at the University College for Professor Jeanneret, to see if I "measure up." Here comes Dr. Jeanneret, beaming at his success in arranging for an honour class to join the pass class. (Fortunately I have fairly full notes on the superior art of La Fontaine's fables to that of Aesop's, and can make the class more of a formal lecture if necessary.)

10:30 We have walked to the office of Principal Malcolm Wallace: a short interview, with Wallace as someone coming in, but he will be free at 11. "Do come along to the lecture," purrs Dr. Jeanneret, and phones President Cody: "... Oh? So sorry you cannot meet our visitors, Dr. Cody, but you're free at 11? Good! Do come along to the lecture..."

11:10 As I walk into room 5 there is a solid front row of brains: Dr. Jeanneret, President Cody, Principal Wallace, Registrar McAndrew, Faculty of Arts Dean Beatty, Graduate Romance Department's Professor Goggin; a roomful of students; and behind them a phalanx of French Department colleagues maybe to be.

I made a quick decision: aim it at President Cody, who must be the most familiar, in ecclesiastical government, and University circles, with the situations of the two fables I was featuring. First, passengers dismounting to lighten the load, horses straining mightily to get the heavy coach finally to the top of the hill, and the buzzy, which has been frantically circling the horses' heads, now claiming all the credit. Second, the council to decide which animal's fault has brought on the plague, the skill with which the powerful and ruthless Lion, Wolf, Fox, etc. exonerate themselves, and the celerity with which they all raise a hue and cry against the poor Ass who confesses that he once took a futile mouthful of grass that may not have belonged to him. It worked. In fact the whole front row applauded La Fontaine and me. No students fell asleep, and most of my colleagues to be were as polite as honesty permitted. I got the job.

C.D. Rouillard, French, U.C.

Girls were a novelty in the honour science course which I chose at U of T. With good humoured tolerance our class mates soon referred to my friend (another Jean) and I as their pair of jeans.

The highlight of my first year was Dr. John Satterly's physics course. During the first two weeks the blackboard was filled with incomprehensible calculus, a plot device to intimidate the less talented and encourage them to transfer. Having been forewarned of this I remained, bewildered and confused. Then the art of masterly teaching emerged. Experiments were performed on the lecture bench and with sly and questionable manipulation of the data, physical constants like those in Claude's Tables emerged with impeccable accuracy. Because of Dr. Satterly's

clear, logical approach and his delightful sense of humour the physical principles, uncluttered by detail, were inscribed indelibly in one's mind. Students rarely passed his open book examinations but also rarely failed his course. If you stayed on campus you learned that, on a certain day in the spring of each year, students with suitcases were not leaving town but were going well prepared — or so they thought — to Dr. Satterly's final examination.

If universities were considered to exist around 1930 only for the wealthy elite, none seemed to have found his way into the highly structured honour science courses. Money was scarce, but lack of it did not bar these students from active social life. After all, the Honour Science Club could hold a dance on the well-worn wooden floors of the front hall of the old McMaster building on Bloor Street for \$1.00 per couple. Big parties demanded formal attire. Fortunately, a spectacular formal gown was found for half price, which fitted both jeans. A mutual friend of ours, now a well-known public figure, claimed that so long as he could escort that dress to a party it mattered little which Jean was in it.

Sir Robert Falconer was President when I arrived at U of T. He was high on a pedestal and any undergraduate would have been proud to touch the hem of his garment. The Rev. Dr. Cody followed him and he, too, seemed far, far away. Sir William Mulock was the Chancellor for many years. He wore a heavy beard and to me he was always very, very old. The boys in each class insisted that he kissed the girls on the cheek when he whispered "Admitto te gradum!" But they were never certain because the beard obscured their vision and, traditionally, the girls would not satisfy their curiosity.

The remoteness of the President and his office, the formality and decorum at that time, were in sharp contrast to the warmth and friendliness I experienced when, at the end of my second year, I became acquainted with Dr. Harold John Wasthous, then adviser to honour science students, and with Dr. Malcolm Wallace, the congenial and much beloved principal of U.C. Both contrived to dig up some scholarship money making my temporary withdrawal unnecessary. I realized then that those in high offices were concerned and sympathetic and that the University had always been the "Great Good Place" which Dr. Claude Bissell has so eloquently described.

Jeanne M. Fisher, Biochemistry

The class I recall most vividly was held one wintry afternoon in the old Economics Building on Bloor Street. My troubles began when some small boys outside started to throw snowballs at the windows. They were barely into their stride when the opening of the Ontario Legislature was halted with a volley of some hundred cannon shots. Though somewhat daunted, I continued, in a rising crescendo, to hold forth on the appropriate theme of Sorel's *Reflections on Violence*. The last straw was the outbreakable on our heads of popous thumping by a group of folk dancers. When I finally asked my remarkably patient students whether they could hear anything I was saying, the answer was a resounding "No!" For the first and last time in my teaching career I dismissed a class 15 minutes early, to its members' obvious satisfaction.

Elisabeth Wallace, Political Economy

The editor apologizes to all those contributors to this section whose reminiscences could not be published for lack of space.

Facts & Faces

Papers of Jacob Bronowski acquired

Recently, the University acquired the papers of one of the most influential scholars of this century, Jacob Bronowski. The collection, consisting of Bronowski's books, essays, lectures, and films, as well as most of his professional papers and correspondence, was donated to the University by Mrs. Rita Bronowski, the scholar's widow, and is housed in the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library.

The interest at U of T and other Ontario universities in the concept of "scientific humanism", which Bronowski championed, was a key factor in the selection of the University as the repository for the collection.

Scientific humanists consider that science and art have a common origin in man's imagination and that the practice of science obliges scientists to adhere to such fundamental human values as truth, honesty, and dignity. Bronowski, who was born in Poland in 1908 and obtained his doctoral degree at Cambridge in 1933, continued to explore the social and humanistic consequences of modern biological research when he moved from Britain to the U.S. in 1963.

His *Ascent of Man*, first produced as a 13-part television series by the BBC in the early seventies, is regarded as the culmination of Bronowski's work. It centres on the problem of human specificity, that is: what makes man unique?

Meet Susan Wilson



Susan Wilson, who holds a diploma in Physical and Occupational Therapy, a B.A., and an M.A. in music — all from U of T — has been named the new assistant director at the Department of Alumni Affairs.

Miss Wilson has a wide experience in campus activities, as a student leader and as a member of a variety of Hart House committees. Currently, she is chairman of the Board of Directors of the Gallery Club. While a graduate student, she was a fellow of Massey College.

Her work experience includes positions as manager of CJRT-radio's festival series, record reviewer for *Sound* magazine, freelance broadcaster, and promotions manager of the "Music at the Centre" series, Toronto Arts Productions, at the St. Lawrence Centre.

Miss Wilson, who succeeds Mrs. Mary Brown, is responsible for development and support of the various alumni branches, particularly those in Ontario; for organizing reunions such as Fall Homecoming; and for liaison with the U.S. alumni fundraising group, the Associates.

\$6 million to be cut from U of T budget

The University is facing a budget cut next year of approximately \$6 million, with the result that academic departments can expect only 97 percent of their current budgets, adjusted to cover the impact of last year's salary increases. Other departments can expect only 95 percent, and in some cases, even less.

By the end of the present fiscal year, the University's cumulative deficit will be \$2.8 million, a figure nearing the limit set by Governing Council. Therefore, further deficit financing cannot be employed to cushion hard times.

Although student fees and private funding provide part of the University's income, which last year totalled \$197.4 million, 80 percent of it comes from provincial grants. The current restraint in government spending, predicted to continue for at least three more years, has direct impact on the University. For 1978-79, funds from the Ontario Ministry of Colleges and Universities will increase by only 5.8 percent, which is less than the amount needed to offset inflation and the rising costs of energy, says Professor H.C. Eastman, vice-president — research and planning.

In deciding how the University should spend its money, the task of the Budget Committee is to balance salary and utility increases against money for new program initiatives. Since salaries are the University's major expense, the Budget Guidelines state that "staff complement is likely to be directly affected".

To aid the University in its allocation of resources, a special subcommittee, Planning and Priorities, was set up in 1976 to examine all University divisions and to establish overall priorities. Its two year planning operation should be completed by June 1978, when its recommendations should provide some alternatives to across-the-board budget cuts. The committee's commitment to excellence, stated in its interim report, may mean pruning weak programs.

Enrolment drops

U of T's enrolment for 1977-78 stands at 44,491 students as compared to 46,935 last year. Tentative totals suggest that U of T's undergraduates number 24,014 full-time students, and 8,930 part-time, with graduate figures at 7,406 full-time and 4,141 part-time.

Enrolment reductions represent a significant decrease in funds to the University. President John Evans pointed out to the Governing Council recently, and could be regarded as an omen of things to come. At the same time, enrolment at the community colleges has increased four to five percent, while the number of high school students registering for Ontario Grade 13 has been decreasing.

Oh my aching back!



We're giving our oil for Pharmacy's entry in the 1977 Homecoming parade

Task force lauds Canadian studies

"We have been deeply impressed by both the quality and quantity of teaching, research and public service related to Canada done at this University," concluded the task force on Canadian studies at the University, which presented its report this fall to the Academic Affairs Committee.

The task force was set up in October 1976 in response to the first two volumes of Professor T.H.B. Symon's *To Know Ourselves: The Report of the Commission on Canadian Studies*, published by the Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada.

The report is not complacent as to the present state of Canadian studies at U of T, and makes a number of specific recommendations. Regarding admissions, it urges the University to take the lead in imposing a requirement of Grade XIII French for all Ontario candidates seeking admission to the Faculty of Arts and Science in the fall of 1982. Believing that present high school programs are overdoing Canadian studies, the task force

also recommends that "U of T make representations to the provincial educational authorities in the strongest terms, stressing the danger of overkill".

A major thrust of the report is that the University not take a parochial or narrowly nationalist view, but place the study of this country in the context of international concerns. "We recognize that there is an inherent danger in bowing to public and political pressures to prove our 'Canadianism' by the most easily available criteria, those of quantitative evidence such as the percentage of faculty who are Canadian citizens, the number of courses clearly related to Canada, or the enrolment figures in such courses. We have included such criteria in our own evaluations. But we have also gone far beyond this. We believe that the quest to 'know ourselves' can only be meaningful within a context of 'knowing others' and that the University's contribution to international scholarship and knowledge is, by definition, a part of that quest and a critical component in the moulding of our own national identity."



The stories were off the record at The Varsity reunion

The Varsity staff always punctuated its year with parties, often enough to relieve deadline pressures, infrequently enough to make each one an occasion. This fall the biggest Varsity party in history took place — a reunion dinner as part of the University's Sesquicentennial — and for one evening seven decades of student journalists shared memories.

H.V. Hearst, who was sports editor in 1911 was there along with this year's editor, Mario Cutajar. So were some of Canada's best known journalists and writers in other fields, plus many alumni who have never written a line for publication since graduation.

All, as Johnny Wayne pointed out, had two things in common. One was a belief that *The Varsity* they turned out was "the best damn college paper in North America". The other was a recollection of trouble, either with the University administration, or with student government, or in some ingenious years with both.

Wayne and Frank Shuster (who as students had tested their humour in the columns of the *Champus Cat*, the reunion's official host) were the keynote speakers along with the University's President.

Dr. John Evans confessed that while he had never worked on the paper, he certainly had been worked over by it.

But speeches were a small part of the reunion which continued past coffee till midnight in Hart House. Many alumni had travelled several hundred miles; many were seeing former colleagues for the first time since graduation.

For the event, back files of *The Varsity* had been checked for the names of all former staffers. Although not all could be traced from masthead listings, over 1600 invitations were mailed.

The stories told across the tables that night were off the record. But some who could not be present sent messages.

Among them was Dr. Rosamond (McCutloch) Bisbiff (Victoria '29, Medicine '32) who wrote from Horsham, Sussex.

"There were five of us, Helen Allen, Eve Powell, Fern Weston, me — and another. We met in a bright corner of a large, shadowy room. We talked 'writings'. We wrote short stories, poems, skits, and mercifully condemned the lot. Helen, Eve, and Fern went on to write more and better scripts. The mysterious lady — what? Me — was always going to write. There would be lots of time when I sat waiting for patients. Whatever happened to that lovely time? ... I wish you all much joy and jollification. Turn down a glass or two for me."

And Helen Allen, who was there, and 200-odd other Varsity staffers, did.

Does the Governing Council work?

In order to evaluate its own effectiveness, the Governing Council last April appointed Dr. John B. Macdonald to conduct a "Review of the Unicameral Experiment" — an examination of the present system of University government, which has now been in operation for more than five years.

In 1971, the University of Toronto Act replaced the U of T Senate and Board of Governors with a single body — the Governing Council — the first of its kind in any English-language university in North America. Approximately one-third of the council's 50 members are appointed by the Ontario government and uphold the interests of the public. The rest speak for the various constituencies of the University: its faculty, students, alumni, and

administrative staff.

Dr. Macdonald comes to the task with extensive experience in university affairs. Currently the president of the Addiction Research Foundation, he served from 1968 to 1976 as executive director of the Council of Ontario Universities, and for the five years prior to that, as president of the University of British Columbia.

A number of groups on campus, among them the U of T Faculty Association, the Students' Administrative Council, and Simcoe Hall's senior administrators, have submitted briefs. Their divergent assessments and recommendations will be considered by the review officer in writing his report, which is due by December 31, 1977.

Engineers advocate underground homes



Do as the moles do, says Professor Roegiers

Underground houses may be the answer to the skyrocketing costs of urban accommodation, particularly in the Canadian environment, two U of T engineers claim.

According to Professors Jean Claude Roegiers and John Timusk of the Department of Civil Engineering, building houses underground — deep enough to take full advantage of the insulating characteristics of the soil, but designed to let in daylight and fresh air — results in significant savings in heating and maintenance costs.

Research shows heating costs could be as little as one-tenth of the costs of heating conventional dwellings, and maintenance would be a fraction of what it is now.

"Underground houses could last for

hundreds of years," says Roegiers.

Roegiers and Timusk envisage two types of what they call "soil-insulated dwellings": a semi-submerged structure, which will utilize the material from the excavation as a cover, with windows at the surface; and a fully-submerged structure built around an "atrium", or central courtyard, that is open to the sky. The thick cover is sodded and landscaped, creating a park-like setting even in a high-density urban area.

Roegiers, a geotechnical engineer, and Timusk, a materials specialist, are trying to interest government and private business in starting a full-scale demonstration project.

Pity poor, young Willie



Bill Gieberzon and Suzanne McCaffrey

U of T alumni are forever moving, marrying, divorcing, or dying. The moving finger writes and as it writes the new computerized alumni records system, dubbed "Willie" by the Alumni Affairs staff who deals with it, winds up misinformed.

Perhaps you get the Graduate, but your neighbour gets two and the alumnus down the street never gets any University mail at all. Don't blame Willie — all he knows is what he's told.

Duplicate mailings to several alumni at the same address are another annoying, and costly, matter. Willie has been taught to prevent such duplications, but first he has to be informed that he ought to.

Over the last two years, from the ruins of two unwieldy and mismatched predecessors, Willie has been created to the tune of \$88,000. Records supervisor Suzanne McCaffrey can retrieve alumni data from Willie according to degree, college or faculty, year, program, single or married name, and other categories.

Willie is versatile, to say the least.

He stores your correct address, and notes if you have ever given to the Varsity Fund or the Update fundraising campaign, if the company you work for matches your contribution, if you were on a Hart House committee, if you held a Varsity "T", if you don't want mail from the University, and so forth. All kept confidential, of course.

Willie is flexible, efficient, and even prodigious — think of him as a gigantic filing cabinet, containing over 216,000 records — but entirely dependent upon Suzanne McCaffrey, records manager Bill Gieberzon, and the rest of the alumni records staff to keep him supplied with up-to-date information.

The staff, for their part, are dependent upon you. At any given time, Willie has dozens of incorrect address stored. Stacks of return mail testify to that. And although return mail by itself provides an important first clue in the time-consuming and costly tracing process, a change of address post card when you are on the point of moving or a phone call to alumni records at 978-2139 saves a lot of expensive sleuthing.

"The University needs the active participation of its alumni in so many areas that it's vital for us to keep in touch with them," says Ben Frangirion, director of Alumni Affairs. That's Willie's job, and he can use all the help he can get, including yours.

Campus Events



Conferences and Lectures

Social Research and Social Policy, Sociology Department Colloquium Series, Friday, Jan. 13 and Saturday, Jan. 14. Interest groups and the demands of policy research; Mr. Justice Thomas Berger; researchers and organizations; policy formulation and decision making; implementation and utilization; the state of policy research in Canada University College. Registration fee \$5, students \$2. Information 978-6579.

Canada and the Celtic Consciousness, symposium presented by Celtic Arts and Canadian Association for Irish Studies. Sunday, Feb. 5 to Sunday, Feb. 12. Lectures, panel discussions, exhibitions, theatrical and musical presentations. St. George Campus. See story page 5.

Issues in Community Health, 19th annual refresher course, Division of Community Health. Monday, March 6 to Thursday, March 9. Changing patterns and roles in public health administration in Canada; community health centres; current state of screening programs and hospital infections; problems in the provision of geriatric services. FitzGerald Building. Registration fee \$40 per day. Information 978-2748.

New Directions in Structural Analysis, Sociology Department Colloquium Series. Friday, March 17 and Saturday, March 18. Interconnective linkages; Marxism and structural analysis — towards a convergent; multiple social circles — community social structures, networks and ethnicity; attributes and relationships — some new methods; network modelling and estimation. University College. Registration fee \$5, students \$2. Information 978-6579.

Health Care Evaluation, seminar, Division of Community Health. Monday, June 12 to Friday, June 16. Designed to serve the needs of health administrators. Participants limited to 24 with specific programs to be evaluated. Seminar will be conducted on individual and tutorial basis. St. George Campus. Applications must be postmarked on or before February 28. Information 978-2748 or 978-2743.

The Akheraten Temple at Luxor after Three Campaigns. Wednesday, Jan. 25. Prof. Donald B. Redford, Department of Near Eastern Studies. Lecture room, McLaughlin Planetarium. 4.30 p.m.

An Evening with Tony Centa — The JFK Assassination Story. Thursday, Jan. 26. Sequel to November lecture. 2074 South Building, Erindale College. 7.30 p.m. Information 828-5214.

Mind and Matter, six non-credit lecture series of six lectures each. Tuesdays from Feb. 21 to April 4, no lectures March 21. Series titles: (1) Nations in the News, emerging and established nations; (2) Life-styles — 70's, contemporary issues in daily life; (3) The Changing Face of Toronto; (4) Through the Looking Glass, science for the layman including astronomy, oceanography, agriculture, solar energy, science fiction; (5) Flirting with Finance, theory and practice of personal money management; (6) Pot Pourri, grab-bag including photography, auction, theatre night, the metric system.

All lectures will be given at Victoria College at 8 p.m. Registration fee \$20 for one person, \$35 for two prior to Feb. 10, after that date \$25 for one, and \$40 for two. Information 978-3813.

Public Policy and the Housing Problem in Canada. Wednesday, Feb. 22. Prof. L.R. Kurtz, Department of Political Economy. 1017 New College, 40 Wilcocks St. entrance. 4.30 p.m.

The First Three Hundred Years of Greek Theatre. Wednesday, Feb. 22. Prof. Elizabeth Gebhard, University of Illinois. Lecture room, McLaughlin Planetarium. 4.30 p.m.

Watts Lecture 1977-78. Tuesday, March 14. The Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker. Meeting Place, Scarborough College. 8 p.m. Information 284-3243.

The Killgrew Photo-Private Playhouses and the Restoration Stage. Wednesday, March 15. Prof. C.W. Visser, Department of English. 1017 New College, 40 Wilcocks St. entrance. 4.30 p.m.

Excavations at Anemur, A Roman City in Southern Turkey. Thursday, March 16. Prof. E. Hector Williams, University of British Columbia. Lecture room, McLaughlin Planetarium. 4.30 p.m.

The Hamilton and Scourge, Armed Schooners of the War of 1812. Wednesday, April 5. D.A. Nelson, Royal Ontario Museum. Lecture room, McLaughlin Planetarium. 4.30 p.m.



Sports

Hockey.

Blues Home Games.

Friday, Jan. 13.

Laurentian.

Friday, Jan. 20.

Queen's.

Wednesday, Feb. 1.

Waterloo.

Friday, Feb. 3.

Ottawa.

Wednesday, Feb. 8.

York.

Friday, Feb. 10.

Queen's.

Varsity Arena. All games at 8 p.m.

except Feb. 10 at 8.30 p.m.

Women's Home Games.

Tuesday, Jan. 17.

York.

Monday, Feb. 6.

Guelph.

Friday, Feb. 10.

Queen's.

Varsity Arena. All games at 7.30 p.m.

except Feb. 10 at 5.30 p.m.

Curling.

Friday, Jan. 27 and Saturday, Jan. 28.

Women's curling, east bonspiel. Avonlea

Curling Club, 101 Rainside Road, Don Mills.

Information 978-3443.

Gymnastics.

Saturday, Jan. 28.

Women's gymnastics invitational, Benson

Building.

Friday, Feb. 17 and Saturday, Feb. 18.

Women's gymnastics, Benson Building.

Swimming and Diving.

Friday, March 3 to Sunday, March 5.

CWIAU and CIAU swimming and diving

championships. Etobicoke Olympium.

Information 978-3084 or 978-6469.



Exhibitions

Weaving and Tapestries by

Thoma Ewen.

Jan. 11 to 27.

Erindale College Art Gallery.

Adrian Dingle Retrospective.

Feb. 1 to 28.

Erindale College Art Gallery.

Canadian Paintings in the

University of Toronto.

Organized in celebration of the Sesqui-centennial, a selection of Canadian works from the period 1915-48 chosen from collections at Hart House, University College and Victoria College, and including several rarely seen works by the Group of Seven. The exhibition is being circulated by the extension services of the Art Gallery of Ontario and will be on view:

Feb. 3 to 26,

London Art Gallery.

March 3 to 26,

Rodman Hall, St. Catharines.

April 5 to 30,

Robert McLaughlin Art Gallery, Oshawa.

May 5 to 28,

Agnes Etherington Art Centre, Kingston.



Concerts

Noon Hour Recitals.

Wednesday, Jan. 4, alternate

Wednesdays from Jan. 25 to May 16.

Concert Hall, Royal Conservatory of

Music. 12.15 p.m. Information 978-3771.

In Concert at Erindale.

Sunday, Jan. 15.

Hart House Chorus.

Sunday, Feb. 26.

Keyboard and Wind Concert.

Sunday, March 19.

Mississauga Symphony Orchestra.

Meeting Place, South Building, Erindale

College. 2.30 p.m. Tickets \$2.75, students

and senior citizens \$2.25. Information

828-5214.

U of T Symphony Orchestra.

Sunday, Jan. 20.

Conductor Victor Feldbril, program

includes Hindemith, Debussy and

Tchaikovsky.

Saturday, April 8.

Conductor Victor Feldbril, program

includes Mozart and Prokofiev.

MacMillan Theatre. 8.30 p.m. Tickets

\$3, students and senior citizens \$1.50.

Information 978-3744.

Hart House Sunday

Evening Concerts.

Sunday, Jan. 22.

Tapestry Singers.

Sunday, March 12.

Hart House Chorus orchestral concert,

featuring work Bruckner's "Mass No. 2".

Sunday, March 19.

Pierre Souvainer, piano.

Great Hall, Hart House. 8.30 p.m.

Tickets available free of charge to

Hart House members from hall porter

two weeks before concert. Information

978-5362.

Special Concert Series. Faculty of

Music in co-operation with CBC.

Sunday, Jan. 28.

Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano.

Saturday, Feb. 11.

Yo Yo Ma, cello.

Sunday, April 2,
Roslyn Tureck, piano.
MacMillan Theatre. 8.30 p.m. Tickets:
series orchestra \$18, balcony \$10;
single orchestra \$7, balcony \$4.
Information 978-3744.

Beeethoven Sonata Series.
Saturday, Feb. 4 and Sundays
from Feb. 5 to March 5.
Special series of music for violin and
cello with Elyakim Taussig, piano;
Otto Armin, violin; Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi,
cello. Great Hall, Hart House. Information
978-5362.

U of T Wind Symphony.
Sundays, Feb. 5 and March 19.
Conductor Melvin Berman, programs
include works by Hindemith, Ravel,
Mahaud, Ives and Mahler. MacMillan
Theatre. 3 p.m.

U of T Concert Choir.
Friday, Feb. 10,
Conductor Charles W. Helferman,
program highlight Haydn's "Mass in Time
of War". MacMillan Theatre. 8.30 p.m.
Sunday, April 9,
Conductor Charles W. Helferman,
program includes Renaissance and
contemporary composers from Palestine
to Gershwin. Walter Hall. 3 p.m.
Tickets \$2, students and senior citizens \$1.
Information 978-3744.

Spring Organ Recitals.
Monday, March 6,
Melville Cook.
Monday, March 13,
Anita Rundans.
Monday, March 20,
Charles Peaker.
Concussion Hall. 5.05 p.m. Admission
\$1 at door.

Music from France, Sunday Scholarship Series.
Sunday, Jan. 8,
Douglas Bodle, piano and organ;
Rosemarie Landry, soprano; Suzanne
Shulman, lute. Walter Hall. 3 p.m.
Tickets \$5, students and senior citizens \$3.
Information 978-3744.

Camera: The World of Winds.
Friday, Jan. 13
Group performs Bach, Brahms, folk
songs and jazz. Meeting Place,
Scarborough College. 8.30 p.m. Tickets
\$5. Information 284-3243.

McGill Wind Ensemble.
Saturday, Jan. 21.
Exchange concert from the Faculty of
Music, McGill University. MacMillan
Theatre. 8.30 p.m.

Faculty of Music Trio, Sunday Scholarship Series.
Sunday, Feb. 19.
Lorand Fenyves, violin; Vladimir Orloff,
cello; Patricia Parr, piano; and
Roxolana Rostak, soprano, and Uri
Meyer, violon. Walter Hall. 3 p.m.
Tickets \$5, students and senior citizens
\$3. Information 978-3744.

**Don Giovanni, Mozart, second opera
production.**
Friday, March 3 to Saturday, March 7.
Produced by Opera Department,
conductor James Craig, director Leonard
Treash. MacMillan Theatre. 8 p.m.
No performance Sunday. Tickets
\$4, students and senior citizens \$2.50.
Information 978-3744.

Beeethoven, Sunday Scholarship Series.
Sunday, March 5.
Quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon
and horn, and Septet. Walter Hall. 3 p.m.
Tickets \$5, students and senior citizens \$3.
Information 978-3744.

U of T Concert Band.
Friday, April 7.
Conductor Ronald Chandler. MacMillan
Theatre. 8.30 p.m.

Camera: Soiree Musicale.
Friday, April 7.
A combination of music and comedy at a
concert rehearsal that might have taken
place in Canada at the turn of the century.
Meeting Place, Scarborough College.
8.30 p.m. Tickets \$5. Information
284-3243.

Remény Award Competition.
Sunday, April 16.
Annual competition started over 40 years
ago in Budapest and revived at the Faculty
of Music three years ago. The House of
Remény, distinguished Hungarian musical
firm now located in Toronto, contributes
the prize for the winner — a new violin built
by a contemporary Hungarian luthier.
Preliminary sessions, held earlier, reduce
the number of participants in the finals to
four or five violin students at the faculty.
Walter Hall. 2 p.m.



Films and Plays

**Film Festival 77-78, Woodsworth
College Students' Association.**
Friday, Jan. 6,
"Hedda Gabler" with Glenda Jackson.
Saturday, Jan. 21,
"Mon Oncle Antoine", Claude Jutra.
Friday, Feb. 3,
"Women in Love" with Glenda Jackson.
Saturday, Feb. 11,
"Romeo and Juliet", Franco Zeffirelli.
All films will be shown in the north
auditorium, OISE, 252 Bloor St. W., at
8 p.m. Tickets \$1. Information 978-5076.

**Ascent of Man, Jacob Bronowski film
series.**
Thursday, Jan. 12,
"The Ladder of Creation", theories of
evolution and the origins of life.

Thursday, Jan. 19,
"World Within World", twentieth century
physics.
Thursday, Jan. 26,
"Knowledge of Certainty", information and
responsibility — a moral dilemma.

Thursday, Feb. 2,
"Generation Upon Generation", unravel-
ling the code of heredity — DNA.
Thursday, Feb. 13,
"The Long Childhood", limited opportu-
nities are part of each age, each culture.
Each film will be screened twice in
room H-308 Scarborough College at
12 noon and 5 p.m. Information 284-3243.

Hart House Theatre Winter Season.
Thursday, Jan. 19 to Saturday, Jan. 28,
"Volpone" by Ben Jonson.

One of the masterpieces of the English
Renaissance, often adapted in modern
times, Jonson's original words still
evoke laughter while revealing the
hypocrisy and greed of the human animal
and offering a poetic vision of the power of
evil.

Thursday, March 2 to Saturday, March 11,
"The Dog Beneath the Skin" by W.H.
Auden and Christopher Isherwood.
Written and set in 1935, the play
delineates the political and emotional
temper of Europe heading into war, as the
hero and his dog search for a missing heir.
First Canadian performance of a play that's
a classic of its time and still a lively
mixture of poetry, satire, song and dance.

Performances at 8.30 p.m., no perfor-
mances on Sunday or Monday. Season
tickets \$5, student \$3, individual shows
\$4, students \$2. Information 978-8668.



Miscellany

Old Year's Night Celebration.
Saturday, Dec. 31.
Buffet dinner, meet the Pearly Queen,
novelists, dancing with Harvey Silver and
Trump Davidson Orchestra in the Great
Hall. Hart House. Tickets \$30 per couple
from hall porter's office. Information
978-5362.

International Festival.
Friday, Jan. 20.
All members of the University community,
past and present, invited to participate.
International Student Centre. Information
978-6617.

Vic Alumni.
Friday, Jan. 27.
Dinner dance and Bob Reue.
Cass Loma. Information 978-3813.

Ides of March Car Rally.
Saturday, March 18.
Erindale College. Information
828-5217 during office hours or
255-6122 (Doug Lees) after 6 p.m.

Canada:

Symbols of Sovereignty

Conrad Swan
Canada's past and present is captured
in the words and images of
heraldry in this complete account
of the arms, seals, and official
flags of Canada, its provinces,
and territories. Conrad Swan,
York Herald of Arms, writes with
unique authority as the first Canadian
member of the College of
Arms. With 46 colour and 189
black and white illustrations.
\$29.95

G. Howard Ferguson

Ontario Tory

Peter Oliver
The absorbing story of the life and
times of G. Howard Ferguson,
Premier of Ontario 1923-30, com-
bines a revealing picture of the
man who established Ontario's
Conservative dynasty with an intimate
view of Orange, imperialist and
Tory Ontario at its height: "a
superbly crafted volume, solidly
researched and well written."
Donald C. MacDonald. Globe and
Mail.
\$14.95

**University of
Toronto Press**

More Letters

Continued from page 2

Among fellow librarians were Walter
Barfoot who became primate of the
Anglican Church of Canada; Henry
Marsh, later to be bishop of the
Yukon; and other theologues and even
some medics such as Andy Taylor, who
went to India as a medical missionary and
ended up as Lord Mountbatten's personal
surgeon.

Rick Collins "Two Bucks and a Kick"
also brought back happy memories, not
only of yelling for the Blue and White
at Varsity Stadium, but of tutorials in
neurology under Smiley Lawson, a
dozen or more years after he acquired his
fame as the original "Big Train". I recall
Warne Snyder's meteoric ascent from the
Vic Mulock Cup team to the Varsity
Seniors, and others mentioned as coaches
and captains by Rick Collins. In fact,
there were three of our 276 medics who won
their first "T" on the football teams
at that time: Cliff Weber as captain and
"Chesh" Dreyer and Herschel Stringer as
"buckers".

H.S. Coulthard
O.C. 273, Meds '26, G.S. '27

The Varsity 1910-11

Perhaps if I had seen the Sesquicentennial
issue earlier, I would have written you
earlier, but for some reason unknown to me
I no longer get the Graduate. I chanced
to see this issue at the home of a friend
who gave it to me. I have read it from cover
to cover and have enjoyed it greatly. It is an
excellent publication.

My chief interest lies in the write-up of
The Varsity by Ian Montague, because
once upon a time I was the editor of it. I
believe I was the only engineering student
to achieve that distinction.

Bill (Carlton) McNaught and I shared the
labour, he taking the post up to Christmas
and I struggling with it from there until the
end of the final term. That was in the years
1910-1911, just after the paper became tri-
weekly. I had been on the staff of The
Varsity right from my freshman year as the
newsie for S.P.S. A fellow named Bert
Minnes took me into it.

As I read Ian's article I became more and
more impressed with the poor job I must
have done during my term of office and of
the different conditions that seem to have
applied both before and after my editor-
ship. We had no staff at that time, we had no
office, we had no visible organization back of
us. We were just two bawled under
graduates, floundering in a sea of confusion.

Bill subsequently made a career for
himself in the related field of advertising. My
only related follow-up was that subsequently
for 20 years I was the editor of the
Engineering Journal, the monthly pub-
lication of the Engineering Institute of Canada.

One might easily wonder how an engi-
neering student would get mixed up with
The Varsity. I confess that I was
enticed into it by the lure of money. It was
explained to me that The Varsity always
had a profit derived from advertising and
that it was divided between the two editors
and the business manager, on the basis of
one part for each editor and two for the B.M.
My need for the money was great at the
time (and has been ever since) so I fell for
the idea. However, when the show was over
the B.M. (a theology student) reported that
there were no profits as the advertisers had
failed to pay their accounts. He dropped a
batch of loose papers in our laps and said,
"See if you can collect it. It's all yours." I
have never seen him since.

My congratulations to all the people who
made the Sesquicentennial number so
interesting.

L. Austin Wright, S.P.S. 1911
Victoria, B.C.

Nominations for distinguished engineering alumni

A hall of distinction to honour outstanding U of T engineering alumni (living or deceased) is planned for the Galbraith Building.

The hall of distinction committee is seeking nominations from engineers in order to honour graduates of "School" who have given exceptional engineering service during their careers. Previously submitted nominations are on file and will be reconsidered.

Nomination forms may be obtained from Professor P.P. Biringer, Room G249, Galbraith Building, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1A1.

Deadline for receipt of nominations is February 15, 1978.

Calling all earth sciences graduates

If you are a graduate in earth sciences (i.e., geology, geophysics, geological engineering, mining engineering, applied geology) from U of T you are cordially invited to attend a cocktail party being hosted by the University on Tuesday, March 7, 1978, from 5 to 7 p.m., at the Royal York Hotel. The occasion is a Prospectors & Developers Association meeting.

Even if you cannot attend, please drop a line to the Department of Geology noting your present address, degree and year of graduation. This information will help to update our alumni list. Thank you. Hope to see you on March 7.

Alumni governors

D.C. Appleton, Trinity 417, chairman of the College of Electors, has issued a call for nominations for three alumni representatives on the University's Governing Council, to serve terms from July 1, 1978 to June 30, 1981.

The College of Electors, which numbers approximately 50 and represents constituent associations of the Alumni Association, will elect the three representatives from among those nominated.

The deadline for nominations is noon on Friday, February 24, 1978.

A candidate must be an alumnus of the University and must not be a member of the teaching staff, the administrative staff or a student in the University; must be willing to attend frequent meetings of the Governing Council and its committees; and must be a Canadian citizen.

The University of Toronto Act, 1971 defines alumni as "persons who have received degrees, diplomas or certificates from the University, a federated university or a federated or affiliated college, and persons who have completed one year of

full-time studies towards such a degree, diploma or certificate and are no longer registered".

The candidate or his or her nominators must send the following information to the Secretary, College of Electors, Room 106, Simcoe Hall, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1:

1. Candidate's name (maiden name where applicable); year of birth; year of graduation or years of attendance; college, faculty or school; address and telephone number.

2. The signatures of 10 nominators (who must be alumni of the University), supporting the candidate. The nominators must include their names (maiden names); year of graduation, or years of attendance; college, faculty or school; address and telephone number.

3. The candidate's written consent to stand for election, over his or her signature.

4. A biographical sketch of the candidate, which should include the following information: (1) degrees, diplomas or certificates obtained — from what university — year; (2) past involvement in the University (i.e. student affairs, alumni associations, other committees, etc.); (3) business or profession; (4) community involvement; (5) place of normal residence; (6) candidates are encouraged to make any statements (or their candidacy they deem appropriate); (7) any additional information the candidate may think pertinent.

The three open seats up for election (there are five others) are now held by John G. Cowan, B.A.Sc., Engineering 6T1; Patti Philip Fleury, Dip. P.O.T., Medicine 5T8; Frances Jones, B.A., Trinity 8T2. All three are eligible for nomination again.

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Last Chance!



These Sesquicentennial souvenir medallions commissioned by the Association for Part-time Undergraduate Students will be on sale only until the end of 1977 — don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

The medallions measure one-and-a-half inches in diameter and weigh one ounce (except the gold medallion, which weighs two ounces and sells for \$600). They carry the official Sesqui logo on the obverse and the University's coat of arms on the reverse, and are packaged in presentation boxes.

All profits will be put into a scholarship fund for part-time undergraduate students.

Orders should be sent to the APUS Office, Room 1089, Sidney Smith Hall, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A1.

Please pay in advance and include seven percent sales tax (Ontario residents only) and \$1 for mailing and handling. Cheques should be made payable to the Association for Part-time Undergraduate Students.

Antiqued bronze medallion	\$6
Antiqued bronze pendant with key chain	\$7
Gold-plated bronze pendant with chain	\$9
Fine silver medallion	\$20
Fine silver pendant with 24" silver rope chain	\$25
Gold medal (2 ounces of gold)	\$600

For information, call (416) 979-2535

The college that stands on Clover Hill

St. Michael's celebrates 125 years of excellence

by Robbie Salter

As the University celebrates its Sesqui-centennial, one of its oldest and most distinguished colleges, St. Michael's, rejoices in an anniversary of its own: 125 years of academic excellence in Catholic education.

St. Michael's College, founded in 1852 by the Basilian Fathers of France, began as a seminary where the sons of Upper Canada's Catholics — many of them the scions of Irish immigrants — could be educated for the priesthood.

Throughout its distinguished history, the college has enjoyed the *cohort* of brilliant teachers whose traditions reach back to the ancient universities of the Middle Ages.

To the founding fathers, life in the New World most often have been bewildering. But no doubt it helped that their days were measured out in holy symmetry. It was customary for the priests to rest one hour after dinner, which was served at noon, then, after supper, to take a stroll — a regimen patterned on the proverb: "After dinner rest a while; after supper walk a mile."

One can picture those early French-speaking priests, strolling the campus at dusk, a warm pipeful of tobacco in hand. It was their quiet moment to examine the dew from its chilly start at five, when they heard the shivering school boys chattering their prayers, through the day long hours of intensive teaching.

The college did not always stand on the gentle rise of land it occupies today, — bordered by St. Mary and St. Joseph Streets, and by Bay Street and Queen's Park Crescent. "Its first home," says Father Robert Scollard, the college architect, "was on Queen, three doors west of Church. Later it was housed at 200 Church Street, in the Bishop's Palace."

In its first year, with Father Jean Soulerin as Superior and Bishop Armand Comeau as Charbonnel as founder, 41 students were enrolled at what is now Grade VI level. In the aristocratic tradition of the French universities, their minds were filled with studies in *belles lettres*, rhetoric, philosophy, Latin, Greek, French, English, logic, natural philosophy, theology, and chemistry.

It was a time when a university education was a prize beyond price. The archivist uncovers a ledger showing that some of the poor country boys paid their fees in kind: *beurre, farine, poules*. The products of the earth paid for nurturing the mind.

In 1856 the college moved to its present site, Clover Hill, the parcel of land donated by the Honourable John Elmsley on the understanding that a parish church would be built. True to the pledge, St. Basil's Church was built the same year. Soon after the move, Bishop de Charbonnel returned to France, where subsequently he penned a somewhat acerbic Latin couplet about the city that eventually became the provincial capital:

Venit de Toronto, opud locum Ontario,
de populo barbaro — *Benedicamus Domino*.

From its earliest years, the college enjoyed amiable relations with the University of Toronto. In her book, *The History of St. Basil's Parish*, Mary Hoskin describes how Father Soulerin and the then President John McCaul would meet somewhere between the college and the University:



Father John Kelly has been president of St. Michael's College since 1958

"When they came within 20 feet of each other, each commenced to draw from his pocket a large box of snuff, to be ready for an interchange of pinches, and then after a pleasant greeting and fitting anecdotes and . . . an apt quotation from the classics, they walked on with as much cheerfulness as two boys."

It was Father John Teely who brought the college into affiliation with the University in 1881. The bond was furthered still in 1887 by the Act of Federation, although the college did not avail itself of the privilege for several years — not until the U of T curriculum provided "sufficient religious influence".

In 1910 St. Michael's became an arts college to which women could rightfully expect to be admitted. In 1958 it became a federated college in its own right: the University of St. Michael's College.

One record shows that the 100 boarders enrolled in 1888 enjoyed "plain living and high thinking: \$165 per annum covered tuition, board, washing, mending, the doctor, and the calthrops."

"I've been in the best of company," says Phil Diemert who has worked in the food services department at St. Mike's for 45 years. Around the college, he has the reputation for being able to serve fun along with food, but his is quick to deflect a compliment back to the Basilian Fathers — "They're famous for their hospitality and tolerance, and their way of looking on the bright side of things. They've been a great influence on my life."

For a number of years, Diemert was the college chef and until 1972 when he became semi-retired, he was in charge of food services. His first job in 1932 was to peel hundreds of potatoes every day — "Spuds or murrpites they were often called." Food, mostly meat and potatoes, was served on large platters to the boys, who were seated at tables of six. "Family style" was called it. Of course there was more waste then. The boys didn't get a choice of menu and if they didn't happen to like liver and onions, well, they didn't eat it. Today, even though as many as 1,000 diners pass through the cafeteria, there is less waste. They choose it. They pay for it. They eat it."

Nostalgically, he recalls the days when St. Michael's College School was still on campus, before it moved north to Bathurst and St. Clair. "Back then, the young boys

made a lot of fun. They kept the older lads from getting too serious."

Many of the faculty have dedicated most of their teaching lives to the college.

Father Lawrence Shook, professor emeritus, was formerly president of the college and of the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies. He can look back on 35 years of teaching English at St. Mike's and still further back to when he was a boy at St. Michael's College School.

In all, he has spent a total of 55 years on the campus.

Father Shook cites Professor Victoria Mueller Carson as being "the one person who could and did integrate young men and women into co-educational classes. She was also the first person to teach mixed classes, and the first woman to become head of a department in the Faculty of Arts."

Prof. Mueller Carson, now retired, taught German for 31 years. She graduated from Loretto College, U of T, and St. Michael's, then studied in Germany and taught at Vassar before returning to Toronto.

Her self-discipline, patience, and good humour smoothed the path for women to become part of the college. "I was allowed to teach both genders by a special arrangement since by Canon Law at that time, a woman was not permitted to teach candidates preparing for the priesthood," she explains. At first the combined classes had to be taught at campus — at one of the women's colleges, either Loretto or St. Joseph's.

On November 11 Prof. Mueller Carson became the first woman to receive an honorary doctorate from the University of St. Michael's College.

Today the Sisters and students of the Loretto and St. Joseph's communities take their classes at St. Michael's, while their own colleges serve them as residences.

Father Shook's book on higher education for Catholics in Canada puts into perspective the relationship between the colleges: "The women's colleges were quite as jealous of their relative autonomy and their vested interests as St. Michael's was hostile to admitting women to classes — but every time a major concession was

made towards the fuller integration of women into the college, a decided advance in academic excellence followed."

Sister Kathleen McGovern, the Loretto architect and one-time librarian at St. Michael's, says that Mary Ward, who founded the Loretto community in England, was a great spirited person who wondered at "the penuriosity of mind" that could set limits on what women might do. "The writings she penned in 1615 are still speaking to women today."

Lawrence (Larry) Lynch, professor of philosophy, is the first layman to be named principal of the college — responsible for the undergraduate component, including instruction and student affairs. Prior to his appointment in 1976, the offices of principal and president had been combined and Father John Kelly, who remains president, was the incumbent.

Professor Lynch can look back on many changes during his 45 years on the campus, on one side or the other of the teacher's desk. He attended St. Michael's College School, did both his graduate and post-graduate studies at the college, and has taught at his alma mater for 30 years.

Father John Kelly has been off the campus for only three of the past 50 years. With his hearty laugh, the college president recalls that there was a time when he was not so devoted to his alma mater.

"When I came up here from Pennsylvania at the age of 16, I was not a very good student," he says. "In fact I just had a good time in my first year and when I went home for the summer, I was determined not to return. But my widowed mother had other plans. I came back, and here I've been ever since."

He majored in philosophy, and remembers that in the Twenties, "you could be dismissed, or even expelled for missing the daily 6:30 a.m. mass."

In his years as president, Father Kelly has seen the college's enrolment rise from 750 to 2250 — a growth due in part to the fact that a number of other Catholic colleges have closed their doors. He has added his support to the college's 15-year-old Institute of Christian Thought, where some 60 students study theology for four or five years in preparation for academic careers, and has helped the college play its ecumenical role in the new Toronto School of Theology.

In 1952 Father Kelly spent two months at the Don Jail ministering to two convicted murderers. He prepared them for their deaths. The experience led to his abiding concern for prisoners. "The longer I live," he says thoughtfully, "the more difficult I have in coming to finite conclusions as to how they should be handled."

The college paid him the tribute of asking him to remain another year after his retirement and Father Kelly looks forward to continuing to serve the college — "but I'll be doing what I'm told. I'll still be under the vow of obedience."

Does he have any concerns for St. Michael's future? As he prepares to leave office, he thinks a lot about how the college will make the kind of faculty appointments that will maintain and carry on its traditions. This he sees as the major problem raised by the Memorandum of Understanding between the colleges and the University, which reduces each college's autonomy in making appointments. "This is the challenge for St. Michael's immediate future," Father Kelly says.

It's time to Update.

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